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Miscellaneous.

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**The Dandies Rebuked.**

OR THE OLD SURTOUT.

I had taken a place on the top of one of the coaches, which runs between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. As we rattled along Princess street, I had leisure to survey my fellow-travelers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the first order, dressed in white great-coats and Belcher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, which they puffed away with a marvellous complacency. Beside me sat a modest and comely young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of this youthful mourner and her baby indicated that they belonged to the lower class of society; and though the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow which she invariably at such times cast upon her child seemed to touch even them, and to disarm their coarseness. On the other side of the window sat a young gentleman of plain, yet prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to

attract the notice of the dandies. His surtout was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently endured more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in the Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand—so small indeed, that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all probability, were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Corstorphine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, asked leave to put it into the boot, to which he immediately assented. "Put it fairly into the centre, guard," said one of the dandies.—"Why so, Tom?" inquired his companion. "It may capsize the coach," rejoined the first, a sally at which both indulged in a burst of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted

slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

While we were changing horses at the little town of Uphall, an aged beggar approached, and held his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few half-pence; and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same, when the young gentleman in the surtout laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropped a half-crown into the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart. The dandies looked at each other. "Showing off, Jack," said the one. "Ay, ay, successful at our last benefit, you know," rejoined the other, and both again burst into a horse-laugh. At this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment, and he continued silent.

We had not left Uphall many miles behind us, when the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The dandies began to prepare their umbrellas; and the young gentleman in the surtout, surveying the dress of the widow, and perceiving that she was but indifferently provided against a change of weather, inquired of the guard if the coach was full inside. Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy; told her there was every appearance of a smart shower; expressed his regret that she could not be taken into the coach; and concluded by offering her the use of his cloak. "It will protect you so far," said he, "and at all events, it will protect the baby." The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said that, for the sake of the infant, she should be glad to have the cloak, if he would not suffer from the want of it himself. He assured her that he should not, being accustomed to all kinds of weather. "His surtout won't spoil," said one of the dandies, in a voice of affected tenderness, "and besides, my dear, the cloak will hold you both." The widow blushed; and the young gentleman turning quickly around, addressed the speaker in a tone of

dignity which I shall never forget. "I am not naturally quarrelsome, sir; but yet it is quite possible you may provoke me too far." Both the exquisites immediately turned pale as death; shrunk in spite of themselves into their natural insignificance; and they scarcely opened their lips, even to each other, during the remainder of the journey.

In the meantime, the young gentleman with the same politeness and delicacy, as if he had been assisting a lady of quality with her shawl, proceeded to wrap the widow and her baby in his cloak. He had hardly accomplished this when a smart shower of rain, mingled with hail, commenced. Being myself provided with a cloak, the cape of which was sufficiently large to envelope and protect my head, I offered the young gentleman my umbrella, which he readily accepted, but held it, as I remarked, in a manner better calculated to defend the widow than himself.

When we reached West Craig's Inn, the second stage from Edinburgh, the rain had ceased; and the young gentleman, politely returning me my umbrella, began to relieve the widow of his dripping cloak, which he shook over the side of the coach, and afterwards hung it on the railing to dry. Then turning to the widow, he inquired if she would take any refreshment; and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her as follows:

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?"

"About sixteen miles further, sir. I leave the coach six miles on the other side of Airdrie."

"Do your friends dwell thereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, they do. Indeed, I am on the way home to my father's house."

"Yes, sir," said the poor young woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbing audibly, "I am returning to him a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."

"Is your father in good circumstances?"

"He will never suffer me or my



baby to want, sir, while he has strength to labor for us; but he is himself in poverty—a day laborer on the estate of the Earl of H——.”

At the mention of this nobleman's name, the young gentleman colored a little, but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature. “What is your father's name?” said he.

“James Anderson, sir.”

“And his residence?”

“Blinkbonny.”

“Well, I trust, that though desolate so far as this world is concerned, you know something of Him who is the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow. If so, your Maker is your husband, and the Lord of Hosts is his name.”

“Oh! yes, sir, I bless God, that through a pious parent's care, I know something of the power of Divine grace, and the consolations of the gospel. My husband, too, though but a tradesman, was a man who feared God above many.”

“The remembrance of that must tend much to alleviate your sorrow.”

“It does, indeed, sir, at times; but at other times I am ready to sink. My father's poverty and advancing age, my baby's helplessness and my own delicate health, are frequently too much for my feeble faith.”

“Trust in God, and he will provide for you, be assured he will.”

By this time the coach was again in motion, and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the wheels prevented me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the dandies, however, exchange expressive looks with one another; and at one time, the more forward of the two whispered something to his companion, in which the words, “Methodist Parson,” alone were audible.

At Airdrie nothing particular occurred; when we got half-way between that town and Glasgow, we arrived at a cross road, where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young gentleman, therefore, desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant from her arms, and then, along

with the guard, assisted her to descend. “May God reward you,” she said, as he returned the baby to her, “for your kindness to the widow and the fatherless this day.”

“And may he bless you,” replied he, “with all spiritual consolation in Christ Jesus!”

So saying he slipped something into her hand; the widow opened it instinctively; I saw two sovereigns glitter on her palm; she dropped a tear upon the money, and turned round to thank her benefactor; but he had already resumed his seat upon the coach. She cast toward him an eloquent and grateful look; pressed her infant convulsively to her bosom, and walked hurriedly away.

No other passenger wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in a rapid motion towards the great emporium of the West of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman sat with his arms crossed upon his breast; and, if I might judge by the expression of his fine countenance, was evidently revolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandies regarded him with blank amazement. They also had seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and seemed to think that there was more under that shabby surtout than their “puppy brains” could easily conjecture. That in this they were right, was speedily made manifest.

When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the inn at which our conveyance was to stop, an open traveling carriage, drawn by four beautiful horses, drove up in an opposite direction. The elegance of this equipage made the dandies spring to their feet. —“What beautiful Grays!” cried the one, “I wonder whom they can belong to?” “He is a happy fellow, any how,” replied the other; “I would give half of Yorkshire to call them mine.” The stage-coach and the traveling carriage stopped at the Buck's Head at the same moment, and a footman in laced livery, springing down from behind the latter, looked first inside and then at the top of the former, when he lifted his hat

with a smile of respectful recognition.

"Are all well at the castle, Robert?" inquired the young gentleman in the surtout.

"All well, my lord," replied the footman.

At the sound of that monosyllable, the faces of the exquisites became visibly elongated; but, without taking the smallest notice of them or of their confusion, the nobleman politely wished me good morning: and descending from the coach, caused the footman to place his cloak and despised portmanteau in the carriage. He then stepped into it himself, and the footman getting up behind, the coachman touched the leader very slightly with his whip, and the equipage and its noble owner were soon out of sight.

"Pray, what nobleman is that?" said one of the dandies to the landlord, as we entered the inn.

"The Earl of H——, sir," replied the landlord; "one of the best men, as well as one of the richest, in Scotland."

"The Earl of H——!" repeated the dandy, turning to his companion: "what asses we have been! there's an end to all chance of being allowed to shoot on his estate."

"O! yes, we may burn our letters of introduction when we please," rejoined his companion; and silent and crest-fallen, both walked up stairs to their apartments.

### To the Trustees of the Port Society.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17, 1852.

The attendance at the Mariner's Church, during the past season has been equal to that of the last several years; too small indeed to meet the wishes of the friends of seamen, but not so small as to discourage further and well directed efforts for the benefit of that class of men. The weekly attendance has considerably increased during the last year, particularly at the Thursday evening lecture, and the prayer meetings have sometimes been occasions of peculiar interest. The temperance meetings continue

to be interesting and useful, and captains and other seafaring men often address their shipmates on the subject of temperance with great effect. Seamen frequently make up their minds or agree among themselves to take the pledge, and then come to the church and subscribe their names, sometimes even before the meeting is opened.

Formerly, and when there was but one Mariners' Church in the city, there were a number of active pious seamen and landsmen who weekly visited the vessels and boarding houses, distributed tracts and notices, and invited sailors to the church. As a consequence of these and other labors the church was filled. But now some of these good men have gone to their reward in a better world, and the others have either removed from the city or united with the different churches. Thus we are deprived of the labors of these men, and the congregation is much smaller than before. I endeavour to do what I can in visiting and distributing tracts, but what is one in so great a field, and amidst such opposing influences.

Thus it is evident that, in order to restore the church to its former prosperity and usefulness, we need more laborers in the field, if retired seamen, so much the better. We need pious laymen, men of faith and prayer and self-denial; of warm hearts and zealous to do good to the souls of seamen; who would identify themselves with the congregation, consider this their field of labor, and the Mariner's Church as their home. If a suitable number of such men, who might well be spared from the neighbouring churches, would enter this field, distribute tracts and notices among seamen, invite them to church on the Sabbath and on week evenings, and exhort and pray with them at the social gatherings, no doubt much good would be done, and many a sailor saved who is now on the road to ruin.

Several pious men, who formerly followed the sea, have engaged to come to our assistance, and some of them have already entered upon the good work. Mr. Hubbard, late marine agent of the Bible Society, has



returned to the city and spent a few weeks in distributing tracts among seamen, very much to our mutual satisfaction. His heart is in the work. From my long acquaintance with the labors and usefulness of Mr. Hubbard, his consistent piety, and his other qualifications, I think he is the right man for an agent of the Port Society. During the summer and fall we have distributed about fifteen thousand pages of tracts among seamen, besides many Bibles and Testaments, and the good effects of this distribution are evident in the increased attendance and interest of our meetings.

I am always treated respectfully on my visits to the boarding houses, and the sailors readily accept of the tracts presented to them, and frequently with expressions of gratitude. Many of them read the tracts attentively, and thus learn what they must do to be saved.

On the 3rd of May last, I called at a boarding house in Roosevelt St., and found a number of seamen there rather under the influence of liquor. Nevertheless I offered them some tracts which they willingly received, and promised to attend church. One of them, a Belgian, asked for a Bible, which I promised him. In the afternoon, long before the time of service, he came to the church still under the influence of liquor, and wished to sign the temperance pledge. I thought he had better wait a little, and advised him to return to his boarding house, fearing he would disturb the congregation. He refused to go, and to prevent disturbance, I took him into the basement, and tried to persuade him to go home, but he still refused unless I would first let him sign the pledge. I asked him if he would keep it, and he said he would. I told him a Sunday-school teacher had informed me that he signed the pledge two weeks ago. He answered with great earnestness, "Mr. Chase, I did not come here to make a fool of you, I never did sign the pledge, but I want to sign it, and I will keep it." I examined the Record, found he was correct, and the teacher mistaken. He then signed the pledge and took

his certificate. I then told him to go home, get sober, and drink no more. But just as I began the service, I saw him in the congregation; he remained during the meeting, and listened attentively. In the evening he brought with him to the church his three shipmates to whom I gave the tracts in the morning; he was quite sober, they were all attentive to the sermon, and when the meeting was dismissed he led them forward to the desk, and they all signed the temperance pledge. I gave him a Bible, and each of the others a Testament, with some words of advice. They were all highly pleased, thanked me for what I had done for them, and promised to attend the church whenever they could.

On the 16th of July last, as I was about going into the lecture room in the evening, a well dressed sailor, apparently about thirty years of age, was standing at the gate, conversing with the sexton. I spoke to him, and he told me he had called at my house to see me, but I was not in. He said he was a Scotchman by birth, had followed the sea nearly all his life, and was mate of a vessel. He said he came to this church one Sunday evening last February, and heard me preach from the words "Be ye reconciled to God." He said every word suited his case, and seemed to be directly pointed at him. He left the church under deep conviction, distressed about his soul, and soon after sailed from this port. He said that from that time he struggled hard against sin, but was frequently overcome by it. He soon saw that he was depending upon his own strength, and was led to put his trust in God, and to depend on him for help. He continued to maintain the conflict against sin, and to pray for divine assistance till God gave him the victory. When on his passage to this port on the 4th of July, he said he obtained the blessing he sought. He found pardon and peace and a sense of the divine favor. He said he was happier on that day than Gen. Washington was on [the declaration of Independence. He really appeared to have met with a saving change, and to have become a true Christian.

On Sabbath the 1st of last August an elderly sailor of a respectable appearance spoke to me in church. He was entirely sober, and said he wished to sign the temperance pledge. I told him we had just used up all our certificates, and had none in the church, but if he would come to the temperance meeting on Tuesday evening I would give him one. He said he must be on board of his ship by 2 o'clock, and could not attend. I told him I had certificates at my house. He said he would go with me and get one, for he wanted to join the Temperance Society, and take his certificate with him to sea. He said he had been strongly urged to drink while on his way to the church, but had resolved to drink no more, and a certificate would help him to resist importunity and keep his resolution. He came home with me, signed the pledge, took his certificate with a glad heart, and went on his way rejoicing.

Last Friday evening we had an interesting prayer meeting at the church. Three sailors spoke of their Christian experience, and of the gracious dealings of God with their souls. They also exhorted their seafaring brethren to flee from the wrath to come, and seek the favor of God. One of them spoke particularly of the greater happiness in attending these meetings than in going to the theatre. Another stated the circumstances of his conviction and conversion, and how graciously God had dealt with him, and led him on to the present hour. He was a Scotchman, apparently about forty years of age. He said he heard me preach the evening before on these words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance &c." He said that was the text that first impressed his mind when in the Highlands of Scotland, and the first he ever learned to read in English, the Gaelic being his native tongue. He said the sermon the evening before had comforted and encouraged him, by carrying his mind back to his early experience in his native land. He offered a fervent prayer and made an earnest and impressive address. He spoke of the kind providence of God in saving him on

the perilous deep, and mentioned an interesting event which had recently occurred at sea. He was in a vessel from Philadelphia bound to Boston, and when off Montauk Point they had a severe gale, and were in danger of being lost. The vessel rolled in a fearful manner. The crew were principally Universalists, but they were very much alarmed, and betook themselves to prayer. He said he put his trust in God, and felt calm and composed. He went below, took up his Bible, and opened it. The first passage that met his eyes was the word of the Lord to Abram, "Fear not I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." And while the others were greatly alarmed, he felt perfectly secure in the hand of his heavenly father.

The Temperance boarding masters, and even some who keep a bar, appear not to be unfriendly to our operations. Some of them advise their boarders to attend the church, and to abstain from intoxicating drinks. I think they would permit our notices of the meetings, which are headed by a new and beautiful engraving of the church, to be hung up in some conspicuous place in the sailors' sitting rooms. This would be a permanent invitation to seamen to attend the church, and in all probability bring many of them under the sound of the gospel.

Thus we are endeavoring to place the affairs of the Mariners' Church in the most favorable condition; and with the additional laborers, brought and to be brought into this field, and above all with the divine blessing, it is to be hoped that the congregation will increase and prosper, and that many a sailor will be converted unto God.

HENRY CHASE.

NAVAL NOMENCLATURE.—Two hundred years have made a vast difference in the names of the notable ships of this port. Now, the idea conveyed in the name of a new ship is speed, and each new vessel seems to have a cognomen, a little faster in signification than any of its predecessors. What leading idea the



Amsterdammers had, one can hardly gather from the names in use, but it could not have been speed. Here are a few names from each era :

*Ships—1652.*

Broken Heart,  
Gilded Otter,  
John the Baptist,  
Faith,  
Spotted Cow,  
Rose Tree,  
Brownfish,  
Permeland Church,  
St. Peter,  
Gilded Beaver, &c.

*Ships—1852.*

White Squall,  
Trade Winds,  
Flying Fish,  
Wild Pigeon,  
Grey Eagle,  
Torrent,  
Sea Gull,  
Storm,  
Flying Dutchman,  
Sea Witch, &c.

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### A Rat Story.

We had many rats about the ship, and more than one nested under the tarpaulin which covered the eyes of the rigging above the tops. One Sabbath morning, when we were all collected in the cabin for religious worship, and in the time of prayer, (moved I presume by the change of climate, for we were now approaching the Cape of Good Hope,) an old gray rat, as if she knew precisely at what time she best could venture, came down, out of the maintop, in sight of the helmsman, entered the front cabin door, passed through among us undisturbed, and unfearing, clear into the storeroom aft; with six young rats hanging to her. She was seen by nearly the whole ships company, who chose not to disturb the exercises, but next day she was found with her young, snugly stowed away among the stores, and cast into the sea.

N. B.

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### Wants of Seamen.

Sailors need *religion* at sea—they need it, too, on shore—they need it always and every where. And masters and officers need it. Landsmen and the *whole world* need it. It is the common want of the human family. The lack of it has darkened alike land and ocean. Its absence and its counterfeits have always impoverished, and enslaved and destroyed mankind. Its opposite is now, as ever, the worst foe to liberty, to civilization, to virtue, to happiness and to immortality. The possession and universal extension of it is the only

hope of the race. It is the only thing that will elevate man to a just appreciation of the dignity of his nature. It is the essence and perfection of human improvement. It is the embodiment of the noblest sentiments and the purest affections. It is personal excellence united with philanthropy and both united with high aims and a pure worship. It is light—it is life—it is strength—it is hope—it is joy—it is love—it is holiness—it is Heaven. It identifies man with his neighbour—it unites earth and Heaven. It humbles man to a knowledge of himself, yet exalts him to a knowledge of his Maker. It is divinity in humanity, elevating a "worm of the dust" into filial relationship with God! This is the religion of Christ. He exemplified it among men. His own life's blood purchased the rich legacy, and he invites the whole human family to the heavenly inheritance. His dying command makes it incumbent on his followers to offer the "unspeakable gift" alike at the door of cottage and palace, forecabin and cabin. Mountain top and vale—plain and ocean are to be made to rejoice in the "glad tidings of great joy." How the dark-hearted of earth need its light. How the diseased in body and mind need its life. How the weak in resistance of evil, and in purpose of good, and the fearful of man more than of God, need its strength. How do the despairing need its hopes. How lone widowhood and bereaved orphanage, the broken hearted, the deserted and the crushed victims of oppression and crime, need its joys. And what but its love can put an end to the animosities, the treacheries, and the barbarities of a groaning world? What but its holiness can cleanse the guilty race of their impurities? What but its sacred truth can rid the earth of its bigotry, its errors, and its abominable idolatries? And are the nations of the earth to become one family, to acknowledge but one Father and Head, one Saviour and King, one law, love, and one home—Heaven? Who but the Divine Author of the *Christian religion* can so move upon the hearts of men and so capacitate them for happiness

and glory? Civilization says, "It is not in *me*." Nor yet in *me*, acknowledges human wisdom. And bold fronted infidelity shakes its head in impotence and shame. No, nor is it in hell to help or hinder the Almighty. The Bible, the readers, the lovers, the preachers, and distributors of the Bible and the Author of the Bible will yet regenerate the world. In His own time God will accomplish it. But it will not be by miracle. It will be by the ordinary means of human influence. There will be an adaptness of means to ends, and seamen will to a great extent be the agents on their own element, no less than landmen on theirs. But the elevation of a class is accomplished by the individual improvement, and we hope for the salvation of seamen and dwellers on shore, only as religion is made a matter of personal adoption and practice. In addressing them as a community, let each individual take the appeal to his own heart as though he alone were to be convinced of the necessity of religion at sea.

In the first place, you need religion as much and for the same reason as other men. You are as subject to disease, to disappointment, to bereavement, to temptation, to sin and to death. You need as much the consolations, the instructions, the hopes, the holiness and the life that animates and sustains them. You are alike immortal. Your soul will live as long in happiness, or in misery. By nature you are as unfit for Heaven. Unbelief will consign you to as fearful a doom. Procrastination will as much harden your heart, and continued transgressions diminish as fearfully the probabilities of your salvation. Excuses will serve you as little as self-righteousness, or hypocrisy, or yet proud obstinacy, will bar as effectually the door of mercy. You have the same need of repentance, the same need of pardon. You have as much to lose, as much to save. The same resurrection morn will stand you by their side of the bar of the "Judge of quick and dead." His anger towards you will have as fiercely to consume, or his love will in as tender accents and as warm a

welcome. Hell will be to you as insufferable, or Heaven as inconceivably blissful and glorious. And you can have your choice; you can have and enjoy religion. The same helps are proffered you, the same mercy seat can be approached, the same spirit be sent to your aid; yea, is promised you on sea as on land. Choose life and it will be your infinite gain. Refuse it and choose death, and, as with other men, the eternal loss will be your own.

But religion has peculiar claims upon seamen. Your privations are greater than those of other men. They live and move as it were in a religious atmosphere. They rise, eat, work, pursue their business or their pleasures, sleep and rise again, within sound of the church bell. In a thousand ways they are brought under religious restraint. A thousand saving influences are, consciously or not, bearing them up and onward with the progress of society in intelligence, morals, and true piety. They can go down, but only with an impetus, and to a depth proportioned to the force with which they break over the obstacles with which a Christianized public sentiment has intercepted the road to death. Numerous and fearful wrecks are there made of body and soul, and corrupting legions thicken fast and with fearful power upon the hardened and profligate, but the wicked there sink only as they sever themselves from as numerous inducements and helps to sustain and bless them. How different your circumstances; your very calling shuts you out from the sanctuary, even a Bethel is a stranger upon the ocean. Prayer is heard in but few cabins. Oaths are almost the only prayer from the fore-castle, and licentious songs the only hymn of praise. In port you have more enemies than friends; your feet tread only among snares. Most of your number yield there to passion within and temptation without. You are beset with most of the corruptions that seduce so many on shore, while you ordinarily enjoy scarce a privilege that secures so many on shore from paths of infidelity and infamy. Now, add to this alarm-



ing difference in circumstances, the invariable and ruinous tendency of the heart of man downwards, and how perilous is your situation! Without the aid of religion to secure you in virtue, how almost certain your fall! How vain has proved self-respect, and for pride of character, or the best resolve not founded on Christian principle and in the fear of God. And how many with principle enough, or fear of man, or pride enough to sustain them on shore, have at sea made a pitiable exhibition of their weakness as men, and of their piety as Christians. But religion has stood firm at sea and saved many. And, reader, it can save you; if you have already fallen it can raise you up; if you are on the brink of ruin, grasp its friendly hand and you shall be rescued. If still on the level of sobriety and purity you can be raised to the higher dignity and security of the Christian's hope and peace. Again, your perils are greater than those of most men.

You are upon a treacherous element, deceitful winds waft you on your course. The ship you boast of is a play-thing in their fury. A plank only is between you and death! A blast, and you may plunge to rise no more! A hidden rock or an unknown island may suddenly dash you upon the shores of eternity. A cross or unexpected sea may sweep your decks and in a moment founder your frail bark. Clouds, dark and foreboding, mutter their deep thunder across your track; think, your tall ship is the only perishable mark for the lightning and the storm! What if the whirlwind cross your path, or the fearful waterspout break upon your deck! What if the bloody pirate be God's executioner to your shrieking crew! Without religion, what would then become of you? Death revels on the deep—he sits upon the storm cloud and driven by the winds draws angry waves, like the dust of the plain, in the tracks of his rolling chariot.—And the suddenness of his coming adds fearfulness to his awful visitation. Sailor, his home is on your chosen element, he is always lurking about your ship, especially is he in pursuit

of the whaleman. He employs a huge monster to lie in wait for his frail shallop. It is a toy in his rage—a shivered straw in his recoiling strength. How many are thus hurried, in the twinkling of an eye, to the world of retribution? Reader, there is a more "troubled sea" beyond, where you may toss a wreck, and in wretchedness forever. Clouds and deep thunders of divine wrath gather and break in anger there—Death in more awful forms and with unceasing agonies awaits the desperate venturer upon that ocean. Will you launch your soul there? But while impenitent and prayerless, destitute of true love to God, and thoughtful only of supremely worldly interests, or sensual pleasures, you are heading direct for the fatal passage, to its broad and stormy depths. If the dreadful oath is familiar to your lips; or your vitals are feverish with intoxicating fire; or, worse still, your ready feet have learned the crowded road to "her house, the way to hell;" you are already in the whirling rapids, fast nearing the fatal plunge. "Ready about," sailor, or you are lost forever! Christ is walking upon these troubled waters and awaits your signal of distress. Welcome Him as your pilot and deliverer. Embrace him as your last and only hope. Commit all to His direction and take and keep the "course," he gave you. Obey Him and you are saved from wreck. He will certainly take you to the haven of rest and bliss. There, sailor, may we meet, safely moored, the storms and perils of life all over, and in our Father's house rejoice in the beauty, the perfection, and the sweets of *Home.—The Friend.*

#### An Interesting Incident.

The Greenville (S. C.) Patriot relates the following;

The other day in conversation with Miss Dix, the philanthropist, during her visit to Greenville, a lady said to her, "Are you not afraid to travel all over the country alone, and have you not encountered dangers and been in perilous situations?" "I am naturally timid," said Miss Dix, "and

diffident, like all my sex; but, in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers. It is true, I have been in my travels through the different States, in perilous situations. I will mention one, which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on our road. I said to him, give me the pistols, I will take care of them. He did so, reluctantly.

In pursuing our journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horses by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him, with as much self-possession as I could command, "Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some." Whilst thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changing, and he became deathly pale. "My God," he exclaimed, "that voice!" and immediately told me that he had been in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing to some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse, and said to him, "I will give you something to support you until you get into honest employment." He declined, at first, taking anything, until I insisted on his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get into honest employment.

Had not Miss Dix taken possession of the pistols, in all probability they would have been used by her driver, and perhaps both of them murdered. "That voice" was more powerful in

subduing the heart of a robber, than the sight of a brace of pistols.

### Oppression.

A gentleman was railing, a few days since, at a public table, against the law of Massachusetts, as depriving men of their natural rights to buy and sell and get gain; and turning to his neighbor, asked him if he did not think it high-handed oppression. The gentleman replied:—

"Sir, call it oppression if you please, I will state one fact well known to myself. A tax bill was recently brought to me on my city property, of \$800, for which I gave my check. I carefully looked into the subject, and found that \$650 of it was for the support of drunkenness. Now what is this but oppression? But I suppose I have no rights. Rumsellers have all. They may tax me to support criminals and drunkards they make, \$650, and I must be still."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "Massachusetts is right. It is the best argument I ever heard. It has overthrown all my theory about free trade. I will say no more but go the whole with you."—*Temperance Courier.*

### A Man Eaten by Mackerel.

In "Ross's Yacht Voyage to Norway" is the following extraordinary story:—Near the village of Sand, in Norway, lived an old woman who was constantly rowing about in the Fiord. She rowed her pram round the same circle, never deserting the spot, but whistling and chanting by turns; she kept her face turned in one direction that she might always watch the central surface of the water. "What means that old woman?" asked R. of several men who were observing her, and, clustering round the pilot, seemed to be gathering all the information he could give. "She is mad, my lord," the sailor made reply. "Mad?—why mad?" repeated R. "The pilot says, my lord, that she is so, and looking for her husband," the cockswain replied. "Where's her



husband? Is he drowned, eh?" continued R. "No, my lord," the sailor said, twitching up his trousers and walking aft towards the quarter-deck; "her husband was a fisherman, and lived hard-by, my lord—up there. About fifteen years ago the man was bathing hereabouts and was eaten up by the mackerel; but the old woman thinks, my lord, he has only dived and will soon rise again." And so indeed the legend goes. One morning, fifteen summers past, the poor fisherman plunged into the element that had been his sole sustaining friend from youth, to bathe, and before scarce fifteen minutes had elapsed, surrounded by a shoal of mackerel, and in sight of home and her who made home pleasant, was devoured by these ravenous fish. When he raised his arms out of the water, to show the dreadful fate that threatened him, and to arouse the alarm of his unconscious wife, a hundred mackerel hung like plummets from the flesh. The fisherman sank, and was never seen or heard of more. From that morning until to-day, his widow, having lost her reason, ever rows her husband's pram about the spot where he perished, in the full persuasion that he has gone to seek a sunken net, and in a little while will emerge again; and so she prays the crew of every vessel sailing by, to stay and see the truth of what she speaks.

### Family Worship at Sea.

"He resolved that his influence should be exerted for good, and that he would set an example befitting his station by having divine worship on board."

CAPT. JAMES A. HALDANE.

"As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

JOSHUA, GOVERNOR OF ISRAEL.

Examples are the best preceptors. They illustrate both the principles and the practicability of a duty, while logic is getting breath to prove it. They are the locomotives which arrive at the destined station while philosophy is firing up for the journey. Or, rather, they are the trees which tell their own value by their bare or

burdened branches. The above cited examples are suggestive,

#### 1. OF RESPONSIBILITY.

A shipmaster is the head of his family. As such, his word, his look, his example is law to all under his control. His position gives him power, and his power involves a corresponding responsibility. If he acknowledges no God, his men will be likely to acknowledge none. If he restrains prayer before the Almighty, they will do the same, and quote his example in self justification. Thus his example may be a savor of death, and the moral ruin of his men laid at his door. He can no more shake off his responsibility than the father of a family. It binds him to the judgment, where he must answer for the spiritual culture and destiny of those who have been under his command. These examples are suggestive,

#### 2. OF AN IMPROVED DISCIPLINE.

"Say what they will," said an experienced teacher, "about prayer morning and evening in school as a means of promoting good order, I know it is efficacious. Prayer is an act of obedience to God. It is an expression of respect to his authority. And I have invariably found that these repeated acts of respectful obedience towards Him, have cultivated a dutiful disposition towards me. One of David's prayers for his son is far more potent than a full bundle of Solomon's rods."

The same principle is true in its application to government at sea.

Let the ship-master, morning and evening, say to his men, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land. O come, let us worship; and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

Having read to them a portion of divine truth, let him, on bended knee, commend them and their friends at home to the care of Him who made the sea and the dry land. Let him pray for their prosperity in the ways of well doing; for their health of body and of soul; for divine support under trials; for release from the

power and penalty of sin, and for eternal life through the mercy and merits of Jesus Christ.

Let him pray for himself, that he may command in the fear of God; that he may give unto his men that which is just and equal, knowing that he also has a master in Heaven; and that all on board may promptly and faithfully perform the duties growing out of their mutual relations. And let him return hearty thanks, especially after a storm, or scene of peril, for mercies received; praising God for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men.

Let a master pursue this course, with a corresponding consistency of deportment, and however bad his crew, it is not in the power of human nature completely to neutralize its influence. They must and will feel that however stern his command, he has the heart of a father; that though distant from them in official position, he is near as a brother; that if they ever suspect an error in his judgment, they can never question the motives of his heart; and that obedience to one who obeys God, is alike a duty and a pleasure.

Let a cats-paw of discontent arise in that ship, and the first evening prayer will be oil on the troubled waters.

Let the official strength be weakened by casualty or sickness, and the crew will shew their sympathy by an increased alacrity to duty. The breath of a hearty prayer in the morning will be a good breeze through the day; and the breeze which wafts the incense of their evening oblation to Heaven will speed them through the night. The praying shipmaster, as he gains at a throne of grace a calm confidence and self-command, is most apt to have a crew of contented and obedient men.

These examples are also suggestive,

### 3. OF SIGNAL SUCCESS.

The Governor of Israel had the honor and happiness of conducting that people over the Jordan, to the conquest of Canaan, and to the complete possession of God's promises fulfilled.

Neither he nor his house served God in vain.

The captain of the "Melville Castle," in serving his country on the sea gained universal respect; and subsequently in serving his God as a minister of the gospel and a theological writer on the land, he gained the rewards of those who turn many to righteousness.

"Them that honor me I will honor," saith the Lord; and again, the Lord "hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant." Let the ship-master resolve that his influence shall be exerted for good, and that he will set an example befitting his station by having divine worship on board. Then let him launch out upon the deep, steadily and in the strength of God to carry out his resolution, and he has every reason to expect the highest success. It may not come in the way or kind expected. He may be cast upon a "certain island," and his wreck be the successful means of giving the gospel to that island. He may lose in the depths of ocean his every dollar, and his loss enrich him with a spirituality worth more than bags of gold. He may suffer long and intensely in the furnace, and those very flames be the means of brightening his crown in glory. Ordinarily, however, as he has adopted the truest method, he has the best reasons to expect the greatest measure of worldly success. For although this world was not designed to be the place of awards and punishments, both the word and providence of God concur in the assurance that "he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

### Power of Kindness.

BY STEPHEN COLWELL, ESQ.

"The value of kindness, as a remedy for the ills of life, is beginning to be appreciated. It is now the established specific for insanity: it is the only mitigation of madness. Where a spark of reason is left to the raving maniac, though invisible to every other human eye, it is fanned into life, and soon perceived by the mes-



senger of mercy. It is but a few years since the most atrocious cruelties were perpetrated by good people against those bereft of reason. The age of cruelty is giving way to that of mercy. Kindness is known to be a specific for many forms of disease, and kind nursing for many more. Christ's whole ministry was one of personal kindness. Charity is the great lever of Christianity: by it the messengers of the gospel can open the eyes of pagan blindness: by it the ears of the most obstinate and hardened can be unstopped; by it reason can be restored and life saved: by it every human ill can be alleviated; by it all obstacles to the progress of Christianity can be removed or diminished. Men are selfish, unfeeling, and prone to the abuse of power and wealth; yet, where charity appears in her simplest garb, she is hailed as a heavenly visitant, and the message which accompanies her deed of kindness is received as the voice of Heaven.

It is time the virtue of this remedy were tried in the name of Christianity upon the whole mass of humanity; try it upon the poor, upon paupers, upon prisoners, soldiers, sailors, servants, laborers; try it upon infidels, socialists, reforming zealots, revolutionists; try it upon all men and the result will be happy beyond all our present conceptions."

### The Suffering Soldier.

I was lately sent for to visit an old soldier, and countersign the certificate for his small pension. I love old soldiers. They are always courteous, always entertaining, not seldom instructive. When the grace of God has reached the heart, they are often men of no ordinary attainments in spiritual things. They go at once to the root of the matter, without reserve, without affectation. I love their manly simplicity. They seem to have gained the habit of speaking and acting as those whose familiarity with death and danger has taught them to be in earnest.

In a small chamber in a back street

of one of our largest towns, I found the old pensioner. His story, if they could hear him tell it, in his low and silvery tones, broken by frequent paroxysms of suffering, would secure the attention of my readers. He fought through the Peninsular war under the Duke of Wellington. He was at the battles of Salamanca, Busaco, and the storming of Badajos; besides other engagements of less importance. In those days, alas! ungodliness prevailed in the army. Some regiments, we have been told on pretty good authority, had not a single Bible. But it was pleasant to hear from my old friend that the regiment in which he served was blessed with a pious chaplain. "And, Oh," said he, "how have I heard him preach, just before we were going into battle, and when we could hear the cannon thundering, about making preparation for eternity!" That preparation, I believe, this soldier had then through grace already made. The son of a pious father, he was also a soldier of Jesus Christ, while he served his country in the field.

Seventeen years ago he met with a dreadful accident, in consequence of which, and of the treatment which he then received, the spinal cord was injured in some extraordinary and most unusual manner. He writhes for hours together in a way almost too shocking for description. It can be compared only to the distortions of a worm when we trample on it. I have seen him repeatedly in this condition; my Scripture-reader has visited him for several years; and has generally found him thus affected. The little rest he has, is procured by the aid of soporific medicines, and when he awakes from his short sleep, which seldom lasts more than an hour, it is to resume an existence of intolerable, and unceasing restlessness. Intolerable, did I say? and yet this old veteran is contented, nay, is happy! His only desire, when he indulges one, is to depart and to be with Christ. In him patience has its perfect work. If his afflictions abound, his consolations much more abound. Sometimes, indeed, he tells me, that he is tempted with hard thoughts of God,

and has desponding fears. But he knows from whence they come: they are Satan's fiery darts; and he takes refuge from them in the blood of the cross. In short, I never saw a more afflicted Christian; I never met with one whose state of mind was more expressive of tranquility and peace. And this after a life of convulsive pains, distortion, and misery, hopeless so far as the body is concerned, which has now continued with little intermission for seventeen years. Here is the patience of the saints. Were it not that I should be sorry to afflict them even with the spectacle of so much suffering, I should long to take the gay and thoughtless to the chamber of this poor veteran; they might learn from his own lips whether or not the consolations of Christ are enough to sustain when even the dimmest hope of earthly consolation has long since fled. There, too, would I lead the Infidel, that he might judge by its effects whether the Gospel be a fable. And yet how thoughtlessly I write. In the same house dwells the old man's son-in-law; that son-in-law a scoffer and an infidel. For it is not evidence that infidels require, but a heart to receive it, and a conscience to make them feel its power. Even when Stephen died, his murderers did but gnash their teeth; and the sight of patient suffering itself goads and irritates the unbeliever whom it does not subdue. So true it is that if the testimony of God in his own Word be set at nought, other evidence is offered in vain. If a man believe not Moses and the Prophets, neither would he believe though one rose from the dead.

[*Churchman's Magazine.*]

### The Captain turned Preacher.

A lady who was actively engaged in circulating the Holy Scriptures and religious tracts, went, on one occasion, to the quay at Plymouth, and requested permission of a captain to go on board a man-of-war, in which were eight hundred men, and many dissipated females. The captain said:

"Madam, it will be of no avail; you will only meet with abuse."

She answered, "With your leave, I will go."

"Certainly, madam," he replied; and she went. Something occurring at the time, which irritated the captain, who swore a most dreadful oath, the lady said:

"Sir, as you have granted me one favor, I hope you will confer another."

"Certainly, madam," was the reply.

"It is, then, that you will please to keep from swearing while I am on board your ship." This he complied with. After the lady had gone around the ship, and had given away some tracts, (and to the honor of British sailors be it spoken, they treated her with the greatest respect,) she returned to the captain, who was standing at the entrance of the vessel. She thanked him kindly, and said:

"I have yet one more favor to ask of you, sir; I hope you will comply with it."

"Yes, certainly, madam," was the reply.

"It is this," said she, presenting him with the New Testament; "I desire you to read it through twice." He replied, "I will, madam, for my word's sake."

Some years afterwards, when on a visit to a place about five miles from Plymouth, on the Lord's day, she went to church, where she heard an excellent sermon. As she was returning through the church-yard a gentleman accosted her, and said:

"Do you remember, madam, giving a captain a New Testament, after distributing some tracts on board of a man-of-war, and desiring him to read it through twice?"

"Yes, sir," she replied. He added,

"I am the man to whom you gave it, and I have been preaching to you to-day. Through your instrumentality God has taught me to love that Book which I once despised."

### A New Insurance Case.

During one of the recent heavy gales on our lake, imminent danger of the foundering of a brig laden with



railroad iron, drove the crew to the long-boat for safety. In their efforts to get in the boat, several of the men fell into the lake; but, finally, all but one were safely stowed in the boat. He was a regular "old salt," who had been many years engaged in the "blubber trade" in the Pacific. The boat was crowded beyond her capacity for safety, and the insiders resisted all his appeals to be taken on board, alleging that all must perish if they took him in. For half an hour he manfully hung on to the gunwale, while they steadily plied their oars, hoping to reach land; but finally, his strength failing him, he called out—"Hold on, boys! my life is insured for five hundred dollars, and I abandon myself to the company; take me on board and claim salvage!"—*Cleveland Herald*.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

#### Novel and Interesting Scene on Board a U. S. Man-of-War.

During a late cruise of one of our large ships of war there was an unusual gathering on her deck. It was on Sabbath morning; the ship under easy sail; a cheerful quiet within, while a glassy sea and a golden sky betokened the arrival of one of the days of heaven. The crew had often been summoned to that deck for the performance of ships duty, the burial of the dead, or to hear a sermon from their worthy chaplain. But now the scene is new; such perhaps as was never before witnessed in a ship of war. After appropriate preliminary exercises the Chaplain reminded them, "That the Lord Jesus in the same night in which he was betrayed took bread; and when he had given thanks he brake it, and said. Take, eat; this is my body which was broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup when he had supped, saying, This cup is the New Testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me."

He reminded them of the fitness, the obligation and the privilege of this remembrance on the sea as well as on the land: of the solemnity of such a resealing of their vows to be the

Lord's, and of his new claims on their warmest love and practical obedience.

He then administered the emblems of the body and blood of Jesus to more than twenty communicants: and amidst the stillness which pervaded this scene on board a man-of-war the master's voice was heard with unwonted distinctness, saying, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

The thrilling interest, and the solemn lessons of that hour will not soon be forgotten by any soul present.

#### Definition of the Universe.

BARON JACH, an eminent astronomer, computes that there may be a thousand millions of stars in the heavens; and then to illustrate or describe the immensity of the universe, he says:—

"If we suppose each star to be a sun, and attended by ten planets, (leaving comets out of the calculation,) we have ten thousand millions of globes like the earth, within what are considered the bounds of the unknown universe. As there are suns to give light throughout all these systems, we may infer that there are eyes also to behold it, and beings whose nature in this one important particular is analogous to our own.

"But even this is exclusive, probably, of millions of suns, bosomed in the unknown depths of space, and placed for ever beyond our ken, or the light of which may not have had time to travel down to us since the period of their creation."

But this is not a very satisfactory illustration, for what are his one thousand millions of stars, and ten thousand millions of globes, when compared with the uncomprehended and incomprehensible numbers that actually exist?

The best definition of the universe, says the *Washington Globe*, and one that can never be improved, has been given by Pascal, whose fame is so great and so well deserved as an able, eloquent and intrepid advocate of moral and religious truth, against

error, intolerance and imposture, that as a man profound in science and in the learning of his day, as he was, he is comparatively little known. His definition is, that "the centre of the universe is everywhere, and the circumference of it nowhere;" which is at once astronomically exact, and unimprovably concise and elegant.

We will proceed to illustrate this: Our planet, the earth, for instance, is a centre, according to Pascal; then we will imagine a point so remote from us that a telegraphic dispatch conveyed at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles per second would not reach it in less than ten millions of billions of years, expressed in figures thus; 10,000,000,000,000,000,000. Now, this inconceivably remote point would be a centre also, and any other point a million times as remote; but the circumference is not even approached in any degree, for there is none.

No matter what may be the magnitude of a thing finite in its nature, and circumscribed by limits and metes and bounds, it cannot constitute even an atomic portion of what is in its nature infinite, and which is circumscribed by no limits. Therefore the whole solar system, or the whole of the universe itself, as far as the telescope has reached it, will not bear as great a proportion to the stupendous whole as one drop of water would bear to all the water, fresh and salt, on our globe. Baron Jach, or his commentator, says that "there are suns placed so far beyond our ken, that the light of them may not have had time to travel down to us since the period of their creation."

To this we subscribe, omitting the word *down*, which is not astronomically used, for there is no up or down known in the case. Those suns are as much *down* to us as we are to them. And we will add, that whilst there are stars or suns whose light has not reached us, there are others whose light never can reach us, supposing no obstacle to its transmission except distance.

To illustrate further the total absence of any kind of proportions or relations between things finite and

things infinite, it may be observed that a million of billions of years, which would be a period of time utterly inconceivable by human faculties, is certainly not the smallest appreciable or conceivable part of eternity: the proof of which is that an immortal being, having arrived at the end of that term, would be no nearer the end of eternity than he was at the beginning of the term. He would have made no progress whatever, nor can any be made.

#### Methodist Mission to the Feejees.

The English Wesleyan Missionary Society is doing a great work in the Feejee Islands, as appears from a paragraph in the Journal of Missions, from the pen of Rev. J. Calvert. He says:

"I have labored, more particularly, for the salvation of "Lord Feejee," (*Tha ko 'Mbau*), for his own sake and for Feejee's sake. He is so influential and persevering, that I doubt not but his conversion would be followed, in a very short space of time, by fifty thousand persons nominally embracing Christianity. I have spent hours with him on the Sabbath. He has also returned the visits, and frequently remains in the mission-house for a length of time together. He is a man of mind; and is evidently under powerful impressions. I trust the time is not far distant when he will become decided. A few Sundays ago he postponed a feast until the Monday, which was to have taken place on the Sabbath. When religious people are about him he directs them to ask a blessing on the food. He does not jest as formerly; but talks very soberly about the truth and superlative excellency of religion. He has several times lately reproved the heathen chiefs for speaking disparagingly of religion, saying, "Christianity is the one true thing in the world." He warns the Priests of their approaching abandonment. He encourages some of his women to persevere in religion, and reproves those who are nominal, but inconsistent professors.



# NAVAL JOURNAL.

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## Cruise of the Vincennes.

The following article in relation to a cruise of the U. S. ship *Vincennes*, contains many interesting particulars. This ship sailed from New-York on the 13th of November, 1849, and after the usual passage, varied by the occasional vicissitudes of calms and storms, doubled Cape Horn and reached her station early in the spring.

The *Vincennes*, after remaining at Guayaquil until matters became settled, proceeded to San Francisco, and since then has visited in turn every seaport of any importance, from Cape Horn to Oregon. She has every where been received with respect by the authorities, and rendered service to all Americans where needed and required. Friendly relations have been studiously cultivated with all local and national authorities. The ship was sent to the Sandwich Islands at the time an expedition went from California for the purpose, it was said, of annexing the Islands to the United States, or at least bringing them more completely under the influence of the American people. Considerable mystery exists as to their views and plans, but nothing came of it—the expedition completely failed, and the persons composing it returned to California. This failure has been ascribed to the presence of our ships of war, which were prepared to prevent any forcible seizures of the reins of government by American citizens, though any revolution they might have effected by mere moral force would have met with no retardation. From the natural result of position, the future prosperity of these islands is so inti-

mately connected with the United States as must bring them under the entire control of American influence—whether to be incorporated in the republic, be most advantageous or not, will be a future subject of discussion and quarrel among politicians. The natives of the islands have so often been described, that it has become a rather trite subject; but civilized man will always feel an interest in this remarkable people. The first thing which strikes the stranger, is their amiable and mild disposition, an entire want of care, a dreamy and voluptuous languor of the females; and the impression is given immediately, that here, on earth, is realized the Mussulman's idea of paradise. Here the highest pleasures of sense have prevailed, to the exclusion of reason and her attributes, and in a great measure, even, of avarice; hence, many of the crimes of civilization were unknown.

A climate the most delightful in the world, which required but little clothing, and houses of the frailest structure—the bread fruit, the cocoa nut, orange, and banana, and the sea teeming with fish—afforded delicious food without other trouble than to gather it. From morning until evening their songs, principally of love, filled the groves; they lived and loved without jealousy, and died without fear of the future. Such a simple existence, notwithstanding the frowns of austere individuals, has something enchanting, even to civilized men. But their days are numbered—they are passing away, as gay as lively and as happy as of old. In less than a century, at the present rate of decrease, not one of these people will be left. The

white men have invaded their soil; and though their weapons are not the same as those of the barbarians who overran Europe, yet they are equally destructive—disease, and the rum bottle, silently do the work of the sword and the pike. Christianity has measurably arrested such a result.

From the islands, the ship proceeded to Fuca's Straits and Puget's Sound, making the passage in thirteen days; the passage to the islands was made in fifteen days from San Diego. The northwest winds, and trades, in this ocean, afford great facilities for sailing vessels in getting either to the east or west. Clippers have made the passage to China in thirty-four days, and back in thirty-eight, no doubt but this can be averaged. It would be well, before large sums are expended in building steamers, to reflect on this circumstance.

Fuca's Straits and Puget's Sound form together a beautiful sheet of water, extending 150 miles into the heart of the country—it is in many places not so wide as the East river at Brooklyn. It is filled with innumerable islands—many of great extent, others of only about a thousand acres. The smaller ones, each of which, in fifty years, will be an estate of great value, combining as they do, every advantage of soil and position, have not now an owner, or even a name. Most of the land is covered with a dense forest, principally the gigantic Oregon pine. Several saw-mills have been erected, or are in the course of erection, and several small vessels are engaged in transporting lumber to San Francisco. The Vincennes sailed slowly up this great inlet, now in the middle of the stream, and again her yards almost touching the overhanging branches, frequently anchoring on account of currents or loss of wind. For the most part of the distance, the perfect solitude is oppressive. The smoke of a settler's cabin dissipates it for awhile; and it is again thrown off by the appearance of half a dozen canoe loads of Indians. At several points, where large bodies of Indians were collected, the crew was exercised at target shooting with the great guns, for the purpose of

exhibiting to these sons of the forest the superior power of the white man, and showing the utter futility of any attempt on their part to try strength with him. The crashing of the thirty-two pound shot through the forest, lopping off great branches, and often the top of the tree itself, the explosion of the Paixhan shells, and the roar of the heavily-charged guns, re-echoed back with great effect, quite amazed and astonished the poor creatures. The women covered their heads with their blankets, and threw themselves in the bottoms of the canoes, while the men, notwithstanding their stoicism, betrayed no little anxiety. No doubt an exhibition of this kind has a very tranquilizing effect upon them, and is worth a dozen long speeches by any Indian agent.

These Indians are the same in habits and manners as those described in Irving's Astoria, as inhabiting the country about the Columbia river; perhaps they are a shade or so lowered in the scale of humanity since then, from intercourse with vicious whites. They are extremely fond of the clothing of white men, and a chief is frequently seen rigged out in the cast off clothes of a New-York dandy. In an interview with a stranger, after the usual salutations are over, the chief steps forward, and proceeds to a critical examination of the habiliments of his visitor, and if the material, cut and make please him, he expresses his satisfaction by making a peculiar clucking noise, the same as that made by the females of New England when inspecting the sore finger of a child. The chief does not hesitate to beg any of the articles of dress which may strike his fancy, and often with great importunity. The climate is very mild; the Vincennes was in the Sound during the months of January and February; and the thermometer was never lower than 28 deg. Fah. frequently ranging high, with beautiful sunshiny days. This is somewhat remarkable, being in 48 deg. north lat.

The ship was now on her return voyage; and on her passage to Valparaiso, being driven far to the westward by contrary winds, fell in with Easter Island, situated in lat. 27 deg.



06 min., south, long 109 deg. 17 min. W. This island, from its isolated position, peculiarity of structure, soil, and inhabitants, is highly interesting. The following extracts from the ship's log, will give a general idea of the island and its inhabitants:

Five of the natives of the island swam off to the ship—four men and one woman; the men were entirely naked, the woman had about her loins a few twigs and leaves, secured by a string. These people were well formed and active. They came on board with the greatest confidence, and traded their yams for old clothes, showing their gratification at their bargains in loud cries, wild and extravagant gestures and motions. They conveyed their property to and from the ship in large nets, folded so as to resemble in shape a canoe, or two canoes placed base to base, which, getting astride of in the water, they used as the swimming board. We noticed that many words they used, and the tunes of their songs, were the same as those of the Sandwich Islands. The island is very extensively cultivated, and beautifully laid out in rectangular patches; and judging from this circumstance, as well as the numbers of the people seen on the beach, it is quite populous. We saw no trees or large shrubs; it is difficult to imagine what they use for fuel. The dwellings, as seen through the glass, appeared to be low stone huts, probably in part excavated. The surf breaks heavily on all parts of the shore, and we saw but one place where a boat could land with any hope of safety, and that on the eastern side. The ship sailed around the island, which is about twenty miles in circumference.

At length after an absence of two years and ten months, the ship dropped her anchor in New-York, and the hearts of all on board were cheered by the intelligence that Congress had granted them extra pay for their services while on the coast of California. The anchor had not fairly settled in the mud before the ship was boarded by numerous gentlemanly individuals, who informed "Jack" of this piece of good news, and politely offered their

services in getting it, setting forth the great difficulties in the way, and the necessity of employing men of figure and influence at Washington. "Jack," always sensible to politeness, yet dreads a shark, hesitates, and buttons up his pockets; and even when applied to at a later hour by the solicitors for certain charities, did not seem to join so heartily in the scheme, or anticipate such good results from any outlay, as the eloquent solicitors desired and confidently expected. Pay day comes at last; Cherry and Water-streets are alive with the fashions and splurging peculiar to those regions, and thus ends the cruise.

### Proposed Naval Reform.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE  
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, FOR  
1852.

Congress has been recently led to the consideration of the ordinary mode of punishment, which it had heretofore been supposed was necessary to the preservation of the discipline of the navy. The result of this consideration has been the passage of a law for the entire abolition of corporal punishment on board of our ships, both public and private. I very sincerely regret to say that the records of this Department, as well as the almost entire concurrence of facts and opinions brought to my notice from authentic sources, and vouched by intelligent and experienced observers, all tend to indicate a most unsatisfactory result. I propose that every commanding officer of a squadron, or of a single ship when not with a squadron, shall, on his return from a regular cruise, report to the Navy Department, in the muster roll of the men under his command, a statement of the good or bad general deportment of each man, with a special designation of those whose conduct has merited that degree of approbation which shall entitle them to be admitted into the navy.

That this report be submitted by the Department to the President, who shall thereupon issue a general order

to admit into the navy the seamen who have been distinguished in the report, for good conduct. And the President shall transmit with this order to the commanding officer of the squadron or ship, a certificate to each seaman, written on parchment and stamped with the signature of the President himself, expressing his approbation of his conduct, and his permission to admit the subject of it into the navy, which certificates shall be delivered by the commanding officer of the squadron or ship, to the men entitled to them, before they are discharged from the ship; this delivery to be made in the presence of the crews, and with suitable formality, to attract public notice.

That each seaman to which this certificate shall be awarded, shall, if he accept it, register his name in a book to be provided for that purpose, and kept on board of the ship, by which register he shall become a registered seaman of the navy of the United States and be entitled to all the privileges, and be bound to all the obligations of that character. This registry book shall be transmitted to the Navy Department, where it shall be preserved, and the entries made in it copied into a general registry alphabetically arranged, and kept in the Department.

The obligations incurred by every seaman who signs the register, shall be those of faithful service and due performance of all seamanlike duty under the flag of the United States, good moral deportment and prompt obedience to all orders that may be issued by his lawful superiors, so long as he shall continue to be a member of the navy.

The privileges attached to this registry shall be .

For every five years of actual duty on board a public vessel, an increase of one dollar a month over and above the established rates of ordinary pay, that is to say: for the first five years of such service, one dollar per month; the second term of five years of such service an additional dollar per month; for a third term of five years another dollar; and for a fourth term of five years, making a total of twenty

years' service, another dollar; amounting, in all, for such twenty years' service to four dollars a month, after which no further increase to be made. This additional monthly pay, so earned by service, to be paid to each man so long as he may continue to be a registered seaman of the navy; and after twenty years of service, to be paid whether he continues a registered seaman or not.

The right to this additional pay to be liable to forfeiture at any time within the twenty years' actual service, by the resignation of any seaman on the registry, or by his being struck off the list upon charges of misconduct; on sentence of the Secretary of the Navy or of a Court Martial, he shall cease to belong to the navy, and shall lose all the privileges of such a character.

Every registered seaman to be entitled to resign his post in the navy at any time after three years' service, if not engaged on a cruise.

No registered seaman of the navy to be subject to any corporal or other punishment of a degrading character, and to such only as may be ordered by a Court Martial on charges duly preferred and tried.

Every registered seaman to be entitled after any term of three years' sea service to a furlough of such reasonable length as may enable him to make one or two voyages in the merchant marine, not extending without special permission, to more than six months. A limited number of boys to be received into the navy, upon obligations contracted according to law, to serve until they arrive at the age of 21 years.

#### Disasters.

Barque Texas, ashore on Tybee Breaker, would prove a total loss; on the 12th she had six feet water in her hold, and hogged.

Barque Ralph Cross, Scales, from Baltimore via Monrovia for Grand Bassa, was wrecked at Cape Palmas night July 18. A passenger named Jones, agent of N. Y. Emigration and Agricultural Society, lost his life.



Ship Superior, Babcock, of New-London, went ashore in a thick fog July 11th, on a low sand Island at the head of Anadir Sea, and was a total loss.

Schr. Queen, of Providence, before reported ashore at Moriches, L. I., will be a total loss.

Barque Texas, from Savannah, ashore below that port, will be a total loss.

GREENWICH, Oct. 28.

Barque Oxford, at Fort Glasgow from Miramichi, reports 29th ult., lat.  $46^{\circ}$ , lon. 51, saw a vessel in distress with ensign up for assistance. She proved to be the Isabella, Paton, of and for Belfast from Baltimore, forty days out; had been struck by a heavy sea 22nd ult., completely disabling her, and pumps being choked, was fast sinking when the Oxford hove in sight, and saved all the crew.

The brig Antoinette, of Halifax, N. S., left Kingston, Jam., on the 18th Sept., and was totally wrecked off Cape Navassa on the 25th of the same month. The captain and crew took to the boats, and arrived at Kingston on the 29th Oct.

Barque Forest Prince, at New-Orleans from Turk's Islands, brought Capt. Carver, mate and one seaman of barque Swan, from New-Orleans for Bordeaux, which vessel was totally dismantled on the 18th in hurricane, and abandoned on the 13th Oct. with five feet water in the hold.

Brig or schr. Calla, of Yarmouth, N. S., bottom up, and apparently in ballast, was fallen in with 25th Oct., lat.  $22^{\circ} 50'$ , lon.  $67^{\circ}$  by the Kingston, at Montego Bay, from Halifax.

Brig Egyptian, of Boston, from Aspinwall for Belize, Honduras, which touched at Porto Bello, and got ashore in leaving the latter port, became a total loss.

Ship Gallia, Richardson, of and from this port for Mobile, cleared 22nd Oct., was lost on Green Turtle Key, Bahama, 29th.—Officers and crew saved.

Brig Edgar, of and from this port for St. Domingo, was fallen in with Oct. 22d, having capsized in a hurri-

cane. The captain of the E., a man and boy were drowned at the time the vessel capsized; the remainder of the crew and a boy were taken off and carried into St. John, P. R. They had been lashed to the masts 18 days when rescued.

Schrs. Rio Grande, and R. B. Pitts, from Rockland, fell in with, on the 11th Nov., schr. President Harrison, off Watch Hill, L. I. Sound, abandoned and full of water.

Schr. Gladiator, Moorey from Prince Edward Island for Boston, struck on Jedore ledges, 20 miles E. of Halifax, 19th of Nov., and sank in about ten minutes. Crew and passengers took to the boats, and were picked up and taken to Halifax.

SAG HARBOR, November 28.

Brig Wahsega, Smith, from Galveston for Boston, came ashore morning 27th, six miles W. of Life Boat Station Southampton, L. I.—no lives lost. The vessel lies high on the beach, both masts gone, broadside on.

The brig Vivid, at Port Maria, Jam., 1st Nov., from Halifax, reports that she fell in with the wreck of the schr. Felice Desting, from Lishon to New-York, out sixty-seven days. The captain and crew, consisting of ten men, were taken on board the Vivid, and conveyed to Port Maria. A few casks of wine were all that were saved out of a valuable cargo. The schr. went down almost immediately after she was abandoned.

Brig Sarah Nash, of Walodboro', from Nuevitas for this port, in a sinking condition, having four feet water in her hold, was fallen in with 15th Nov., Montauk, N. 45 miles, and the crew taken off by ship Anglo-Saxon, at this port from Rockland.

Account of the late disasters on the lakes:—Nov. 7th.—Schr. A. Wilcox, wrecked on the West shore of Lake Michigan—three men lost; brig Robert Burns, lost at same place; schr. Sea Gulf, at same place; schr. Lady Bagot, wrecked at Grand River; schr. Eagle, a total loss at Grand River; schr. Marengo, on the rocks at Gravelly Point; schr. Mobile, wrecked near Toronto; propeller Oneida, capsized, crew 17 in number, all lost.

## Cabin Boy's Locker.

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### The Disobedient Boy.

Archibald Alday was the son of a widow—her only child. Though not unkind to his mother in other respects, he sorely afflicted her by making up his mind to go to sea. Yes; though he knew his mother's heart was wrapped up in him, he was set on the sea, and to sea he was determined to go. Not being able to get his mother's consent, he started off one night after she was gone to bed, with his bundle in his hand, and took the road to a seaport town.

It was not long before Archy was received on board the *Mary Anne*, being a well-formed lad, and likely enough to turn out a good seaman.

It was all very pleasant to Archy, to see the sailors move about the ship, setting and furling the sails; to watch the shining waters of the heaving ocean; and to gaze on the playful porpoises and the stormy petrels. So long as these things were new to him, and so long as no accidents occurred, he was tolerably happy; but after a while the captain, the mate, and even the seamen treated him roughly.

If Archy Alday had been strengthened by the feeling that he was doing his duty, he might have borne all, and more than all he endured, without a murmur; but conscience made him a coward. "My son," says the wise man, "hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Prov. i. 8. At last a storm arose; it was a dark day for Archy Alday, when the thunder rolled

awfully, and the lightning flashed fearfully across the big black clouds; for he felt that there was a God in heaven, who knew of his disobedience, and who could bring a heavy punishment down on his head. Often and often the dying words of his father seemed to ring in his ears; "Stay at home, Archy, and take care of your mother."

The masts began to creak, and the sails were rent by the howling tempest as it swept over the mountainous billows of the raging ocean. Two sailors were blown from the yards, but no help could be given them; another, who had fallen maimed on the deck, with great difficulty was carried below. Suddenly the ship received a stunning blow; she had struck on a rock beneath the waves. A loud cry was raised by the crew; the vessel had sprung a leak, and the water was fast pouring into her hold.

Soon after this the ship went to pieces, and almost all the seamen perished; but Archy and a few more had got into the boat, where they were tossed about on a heaving ocean for a day and a night, without food, miserably cold, and drenched with rain to the skin. Archy wished a thousand times that he was sitting by the arm-chair of his mother.

The next day the storm abated, and they were picked up by a merchant ship; but he passed through many privations and dangers before he again set his foot in old England.

With a sorrowful heart he proceeded on his journey to his mother's cot-



tage. He had thought to find pleasure on shipboard, and to return home laden with gold; but he met with little beside danger and trouble, and was at last returning home without a shoe or a stocking on his feet.

As Archy limped along the rough road, the stones hurt his feet, but his sorrowful thoughts hurt his heart a great deal more.

Archy Alday was a poor prodigal, returning home broken down in his spirit, and bitterly repenting of his evil ways; but he had no forgiving father to run out and fall on his neck and kiss him, and welcome him home, and put a ring on his finger, and feast him with a fatted calf!

When Archy came within a few miles of his native village, the farm-houses, the cottages, and many of the trees were well known to him. Now and then, too, he saw a labouring man at work in the fields, or met one in the lanes whom he knew: but he himself was so altered, that he passed on without being known, heaving a sigh.

More than three years had gone by since Archy had stolen away by night from the village where he lived, and since then he had never sent to, nor heard a word of his mother; his heart beat sadly, as at eventide he drew near the cottage, hungry and thirsty, and worn with fatigue of his journey.

He opened the little gate, but it hung only on one rusty hinge. He put his trembling hand on the latch, as the words of his father once more rushed upon his memory. The cottage door was fast, and no one answered his repeated knocks. All was silent as the grave. He went around to the back of the cottage; the window was broken, the thatch had fallen in, and the little garden was overrun with weeds. With a heart faint and sinking within him, he turned his back on the cottage, and walked down the village, where he soon learned the pitiful story, that his mother, pining for his loss, had dragged on an afflicted life for some time, and then died broken-hearted. Her grave was in the corner of the churchyard, covered with nettles.

Archy put his hands to his face, as

well he might, and wept bitterly. O, it is a bitter thing for a child to neglect, to disobey, and to dishonor a parent! Archy Alday found it to be so, and so will all those who tread in his guilty steps.

### "Shame to Tell a Lie."

#### HOW TO CURE LYING IN SCHOOL.

It is said of the late Dr. Arnold, by his biographer, that it was his wish that as much as possible should be done *by* the boys, and nothing *for* them; hence arose his practice, in which his own delicacy of feelings and uprightness of purpose powerfully assisted him, of treating the boys as gentlemen and reasonable beings; of making them respect themselves by the mere respect he showed them; of showing that he appealed and trusted to their own common sense and conscience. Lying to the masters, for example, he made a great moral offense, placing implicit confidence in a boy's assertion; and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely, and in the upper part of the school, when persisted in, with expulsion. Even in the lower forms, any attempts at further reproof of an assertion was immediately checked by "If you say so, that is quite enough—of course, I believe your word." There grew up, in consequence, a general feeling that it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie; he always believes one.

#### Habits.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountains, and overwhelms the inhabitants and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

# POETRY.

## "Come this way, Father!"

During a short visit to the sea-shore of our State, some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed one bright afternoon that we should make up a party and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly we left them and proceeded some six miles farther. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached, a thick fog set in from the sea; entirely enshrouding us. Without a compass and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf upon the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment and heard through the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy calling, "Come this way, father!--steer straight for me—I'm here waiting for you!" We steered by that sound, and and soon my little boy leaped to my arms with joy saying, "I knew you would hear me father!" and nestled to sleep in my bosom. The child and maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in fog and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice calling from the bright shore, "Come this way, father! steer straight for me!" When oppressed with sad-

ness I take my way to our quiet cemetery; still, as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence, "Come this, way father! I'm waiting for thee!"

I remember a voice  
Which once guided my way  
When lost on the sea  
Fog enshrouded I lay;  
'Twas the voice of a child,  
As he stood on the shore—  
It sounded out clear  
O'er the dark billows' roar—  
"Come this way, my father!  
Steer straight for me;  
Here safe on the shore  
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice,  
As it made its shrill way,  
Midst rocks and through breakers  
And high dashing spray;  
How sweet to my heart  
Did it sound from the shore,  
As it echoed out clear  
O'er the dark billows' roar,  
"Come this way, my father!  
Steer straight for me;  
Here safe on the shore  
I'm waiting for thee."

I remember my joy  
When I held to my breast  
The form of that dear one,  
And soothed it to rest;  
For the tones of my child  
Still sound in my ear,  
"I called you dear father,  
And knew you would hear  
The voice of your darling  
Far o'er the dark sea,  
While safe on the shore  
I was waiting for thee."

That voice now is hushed  
Which then guided my way:  
The form I then pressed  
Is now mingling with clay;  
But the tones of my child  
Still sound in my ear,  
"I am calling you, father!  
O, can you not hear  
The voice of your darling  
As you toss on life's sea?  
For on a bright shore  
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice;  
In many a lone hour  
It speaks to my heart  
With fresh beauty and power,  
And still echoes far out  
Over life's troubled wave,  
And sounds from loved lips  
That lie in the grave—  
"Come this way, my father!  
O steer straight for me!  
Here safely in Heaven  
I am waiting for thee!"



New York, January, 1853.



#### Another Light-House Established.

The last number of the Sailor's Magazine announced a new moral light-house erected at St. John's, N. B., the Rev. E. N. Harris, keeper or chaplain.

It now gives us pleasure to announce another, established by the American Seamen's Friend Society. For some time the Rev. M. JOHN MAYERS, H.B.M.'s chaplain, has been usefully engaged in promoting the spiritual welfare of seamen in the Port of Marseilles, France. Finding an average of about 100 American vessels of the larger class annually visiting that port, whose men on ship-board and on shore needed a chaplain's ministrations, especially on the sabbath and in the hospital, application was made for his recognition as our chaplain, and an appropriation towards his support. Consequently the appointment has been made, and Mr. Mayers is commended to the co-operation and best remembrances of seamen and their friends.

#### New Year's Greeting.

Cheer to the Sailor's! good cheer to their kindred!

Joy to you all, and a Happy New Year;  
Blest be its morning, and blessed its evening,  
Ring out its gladness in tones loud and clear.

The past has been changeful, now sad and now joyous;  
Sunshine and storm clouds spread over the sea;  
Loved ones have met, and loved ones have parted;  
The dying to live! the surviving to die!

O God! how the heart has known its own anguish,  
And sighed for wings to hasten away;  
Where storms never sweep, and hopes never languish,  
Where twilight is morning, and morning is day.

Cheer to the Sailors! good cheer to their kindred;  
Health to the souls of all far and near;  
Peace, till your days on earth are all ended,  
And Heaven shall open a Happy New Year.  
J. S.

#### Public Exposures.

Society is composed of good men and bad. The truly good, who under all circumstances can be safely trusted with our life, and character and purse, are comparatively few; while the many must be watched, and kept under the pressure of external motives to insure their fidelity.

The question is often started, how far should the character and conduct of evil-doers be publicly exposed?

To be silent when flagrant wrongs are perpetrated is surely not always a duty; nor is it always a duty to proclaim them on the house top. While each case must be decided on its own merits, and with an eye to the results of its publicity, the follow-

ing considerations may aid in settling the matter.

1. *Society owes itself protection.*

Hence the outer and inner walls of law, and every kind of legal fence. Hence the standing army of magistrates. Hence the granite safes and the iron-grated cells. But there are cases unreached and unawed by any of these terrors to evil-doers. A ship-master or officer casts off the lines for a voyage around one of the great Capes. Most unfortunately both for himself and his men, he leaves on the wharf all the remnants of a gentleman. His principles of politeness are put under hatches and battened down. His humanity is locked up in the iron chest; and now commences the reign of tyranny and terror. He curses and kicks the men. He subjects them to unnecessary hardships. He plies them with cruelties which he would not dare inflict upon a dog. Instead of calmly listening to cases of real or imaginary grievance and applying the proper remedy, he pours vinegar upon nitre, and vials of wrath on hearts raw with ill-usage.

Besides, if the humanity of the passengers pleads for a cessation of hostilities, it is met by a bluff, "mind your own business," and language which Chesterfield would not consider polite.

Now in such cases sometimes the only remedy is a public exposure. Let his name and the name of the ship be known, and if the owners regard either their good name or their interest, such a master or officer will not be employed by them more than once. Let the facts be known, and the public is put on its guard, and protected.

2. *Such an exposure is due to the worthy masters and officers, and to their noble profession.*

The above statement is no fiction. It has recently been given to the world in a widely circulated journal, and its truthfulness attested by competent testimony. We repeat then, let it be held up to public view, that in the contrast the worthy may shine the brighter, and the profession be shielded from the disgrace which belongs to an ignoble few. It is a

matter of national pride, as well as a compliment to the skill of American masters and officers, that so many of them have been called to navigate foreign vessels, particularly in the whaling business; and when we are under the painful necessity of exposing the bad, it will always give us sincere pleasure in commending the good, and vindicating a profession second to none under heaven in its nobility.

3. *The sailors too have rights to be protected.*

It is too late in the day to palliate their wrongs, or to quote the worn out saw, "I would not believe a sailor's testimony, about his master or officers, under oath." As he rises in sobriety and self-respect he is, and will be believed. The fact that he treads the deck a sober man, more than one half guarantees his respectful obedience; and when he is thus, every insult to his feelings, every taunt at his inferiority, every haughty curl of the lip at his expense, is a severe reflection on his superior in station; and when there is no better mode of correction, it should be held up before ten thousand eyes that all may know that superiority of station does not always imply superiority of character.

Let then the Press, which generally occupies in respect to such wrongs a disinterested position, fearlessly expose the evils in the absence of some better mode of redress, and thus stand "for a punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well."

### Signals at Sea.

Few subjects have more seriously engaged the attention of nautical men. The results are three general methods of communicating information at sea.

1. By sound, as the blast of a trumpet, the ring of a bell, or the boom of a gun.
  2. By signs, as different flags, or different positions of the sails.
  3. By lights, as rockets, or lanterns.
- And most signal has been the success of these, or a combination of these signs, particularly in the sailing and fighting of vessels of war. But more



is needed: some method of communicating more full and exact information. A vessel comes on the coast in a gale in distress. She is rapidly sinking. She cannot swim another hour, and she wants such means of salvation as humanity has provided *immediately applied*. But how can she say she is sinking? How tell precisely her pressing necessities?

Two vessels are passing each other beyond speaking distance; the gale is too heavy and the sea too rough to lower the boats; and the vessels cannot alter their course without vitiating their insurance, or perhaps periling human life. O could they speak each other freely, it might be worth thousands of dollars, and in mental relief, more than bags of gold.

To meet these and similar necessities. Capt Robert W. Jenks, formerly of Boston, Mass., who has had a long experience of sea-faring life, has invented

#### THE BRACHIAL TELEGRAPH.

"An original method of conversing and signaling on land and sea,

BY MEANS OF THE HUMAN ARMS, at any and all distances, even within the furthest range of the telescope."

We commend the pamphlet descriptive of the method to the consideration of practical men. It is printed by Henry Sanders & Co., Warren St., New York.

#### The Commerce of the World Revolutionized.

With this bold caption we commence a brief notice of a new application of science to art. John B. Kitching, Esq., of New-York, together with a few friends, has embarked *three hundred thousand dollars* in the construction of a ship of 2000 tons burthen. This ship is to be propelled, not by hissing, explosive, and perilous steam; but by the same power that drives a breeze, or hurries headlong a hurricane;—viz the *expansion of atmospheric air by heat*. The mode of its application is similar to that of steam; although the engine

differs in having no boilers, no huge chimneys, and occupies comparatively little room. Her model, inside and out, practiced eyes pronounce faultless. Her speed—aye her *speed*, in this break neck age—is insured in the fact that she has a harnessed hurricane to drive her.

Her claimed advantages are—

1. *Safety*.—No intense furnace-fires, or impatient steam-boilers to deal out destruction.

2. *Economy*.—Particularly in the quantity of fuel; dispensing with at least four-fifths the amount required to drive a steam engine of the same power, and having so much more room for freight; and also requiring only one fourth the number of men.

3. *Health*.—As she draws her supplies of air from her hull, the foul air and noxious gases which ordinarily gather there, will be expelled, and a healthful ventilation induced.

4. *Long Voyages*.—One of the Collins's steamers is said to burn 1000 tons of coal in a single trip from New York to Liverpool; consequently has not the capacity for fuel to carry her to the East Indies, or on any long voyage where no fuel is to be obtained by the way. Whereas on this new principle as not a tenth of the fuel is required, a ship may steer boldly for China and have coal enough left to bring her home.

5. *Durability*.—The intense and continued application of fire and water necessarily corrode and wear out the generating force of a common steamer very soon. Not so on this new principle; so that a ship may live as long as iron and oak can agree to hold together.

6. *Cleanliness*.—The coal dust, cinders, and smoke are avoided; so that a ship of this kind may be as clean and white as any washed seabird.

Such are some of the claimed advantages.

*Will she succeed?* No! exclaim a thousand voices in the same breath. *No, no such thing.* Why, if she should, there will not be a single sail on the ocean in fifty years; the old steam-engines will be beat into plow-shares; the thousands of ocean and land volcanoes will be put out; the explosions which blow up and blow in pieces so many human beings will all cease; and both the mechanics and the commerce of the world will be revolutionized!

*Will she succeed?* If the opinion of practical men is to be relied on; and better still, the successful working of two engines, the one of five and the other of sixty horse power, constructed on this principle is to decide the matter, *she will succeed.* So that she will come forth not to demonstrate a problem but to illustrate on a magnificent scale a principle already established. Probably before these thoughts are dry from the press she will have made her experimental trip. We confess no misgivings as to the result, provided that part of the engine called the "Regenerator" fully answers its claims. If that does not falter, the world will soon start with exultation at this new element of commercial and social progress. We have purposely avoided a description of the engine till it has told its own story; when, if conjecture is converted into certainty; if the possible is the proved reality, the eyes of the world will be eager to scrutinize an invention which for simplicity, and power, and richness of its results is without a rival.

The scientific, accomplished, and happy inventor is Captain Ericsson; the builders of the ship, Messrs. Perrine, Patterson and Stack, and of the engine, Messrs. Hogg and Delamater.

The commercial part of this enterprise, as before intimated has been conducted by Mr. Kitching; who, in addition to considerate provision on board to make the men who navigate her comfortable and happy, and worthy of the ship, has added the treasure of a well-selected library. Such a specimen of enterprise and art may well make us proud of our merchant princes, our princely mechanics, and more than all grateful to that Providence which illuminates genius to shine beneficently on future generations.

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For the Sailor's Magazine.

### A Word in Season.

Sometime since, while as a "visitor" to the floating Church of Our Saviour, after the evening services, I was standing by the chancel seeing the *sailors* receive the books presented to them by the Missionary, (Rev. B. C. C. Parker,) I was much struck by the manner and deportment of an aged and athletic colored man of great stature, who had come forward with the other sailors; he had waited humbly until the others were gone, when Mr. Parker asked where he was going to? "San Francisco" he answered. "It is a long voyage," the Missionary remarked, "and I will give you several books; have you any choice, name it, and if I can, I will give it to you?" He replied, "I would like to have Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, see if you can give it to me." It was with other books given to him. There was something about the man which interested me more than usual. I asked him, "Are you a believer?" "I think I may say I have a *little* spark of true religion," was his reply. "It was at first a little spark," the Missionary added, which has set the world on fire." On conversing further with him, I found that the seeds of divine knowledge had been sown in his heart in a Sunday school at Salem, Mass., from which port he had gone to sea. He related in his own simple way somewhat of his life, and in it this



anecdote. "Once on sailing out of Salem, we had for our first mate (whom I had known from a boy) what is called a "smart officer." I was the cook—the first Sabbath out, the mate ordered the hands to some work which was unusual to the Sabbath and unnecessary, they somewhat unwillingly obeyed, shortly after they got to work (fixing some *new* rigging which was not immediately wanted,) I went to the quarter deck and passing close by the mate said in a low tone, "you are a thief," "what's that you say, cook," he angrily replied, had we not been old friends he would have knock'd me down. I repeated the words, adding, "this is God's day, not yours, and *to be kept holy.*" Go forward, sir, he immediately said. I went to the galley, and heard him shortly afterwards call the hands off and leave the rigging, at which they were working. While reading my Bible in the galley towards evening the mate came to the door, and seeing what I was about, said, "Cook! you dont know what you are reading." "Yes I do, Sir," was my reply. "Explain it?" he said. The aged man remarked, "I had been to Sabbath school, sir, and I remember what my teacher had told me, and I *did* explain it; the mate perceived that I knew what I was reading, and went away; the next evening while I was reading my Bible as usual, the mate again came to the galley, and said "Cook, let me stand here and listen while you read," he did so, after sometime, as he knew I was in the habit of praying in the galley, he said "Cook, you know my old father; I want you to pray for him." "I will," was my reply. After pausing some little while longer, he added, "I want you to pray for me?" "I do" I replied. The next evening he came about the same hour and asked to be with me *in* the galley when I prayed, I closed the galley doors—he was with me—while I prayed, as well as I could, for him—seemed much interested anxious and came other evenings. I told him *my* praying would not get him to Heaven—he *must* pray for *himself*. "Every tub," said I "must stand upon its own bottom"—"I can't pray you

to Heaven; you must pray yourself there." "I dont know how," he answered, "I never prayed;" "the sooner you begin the better then, and begin now"; after some further talking and inquiring from me, he did pray, his prayers were heard and he became a new man. A Christian sailor and I hope if he is alive he is now a consistent Christian captain. This anecdote shows the fruits of a "word in season," and what humble instruments are made the means of glorifying God.

### Valparaiso Chaplaincy.

MY DEAR SIR.—I think I wrote you some time ago about a black man in one of the hospitals. At any rate it will not be out of place to mention his case more fully now. His name was George Bowen, a native of N. Bedford. He sailed from Providence many years ago. Here he had fallen sick with a huge ulcer in his leg. When I first found him he was reading the Bible, spelling out the words letter by letter as he traced them with his finger. He said he could only read very slowly, but that he wished he had known what he was learning; then it would have saved him a great deal of trouble. On my asking what he meant, he said if he had known the commandments of the Bible and its directions how to live. I saw him several times. He showed that the law of the Lord was giving light to him, as he learned it. I tried to point his attention to his need of pardon for past sins. This he did not feel as much at first, but still he assented to it. In like manner the need of the Holy Spirit, he was not much aware of; but more like those early disciples who did not know that there was a Holy Spirit. I tried to teach him what the Scriptures say on these points, reading to him passages therefrom. He was always very attentive. And when I prayed with him appeared to join in the petition sincerely. He said he intended to live by the law of God "when he got well"; and that he meant to go home as soon as possible "to live among Christians. However this was not permitted to

him. He has been called away from life; but I have hope that he was prepared. Hearing that he was worse I went down to see him, but for certain reasons he had been removed to another hospital. As soon as I could I went there also to see him, but when I arrived it was too late. He was already dead.

As to our chapel we have succeeded in raising by subscription about \$5,500. That is to say that amount has been promised. But the difficulty now is to procure a site for the building. Lots are so scarce and expensive that I know not what we may be able to do in the matter. There are lots enough but they are too far from the landing place. I trust however a kind Providence that has already raised up friends for us will still assist us, and will permit us to erect a place in which we may worship Him.

Several Americans were engaged with Gen. Flores, in his expedition against Guayaquil. Since its designs were frustrated they are scattered about in great want. One of them a physician has just been here to see me and to ask counsel. I have urged him to try a course of good conduct to recover his lost ground; and above all begged him now that he has had such bitter experience of a life of sin, to set himself about the salvation of his soul. I gave him Wilberforce's Practical View. He promised to read it, and to remember my advice. He thanked me for all I had said to him, and I had spoken some very plain truths. I had told him what discredit it casts on the American name when our citizens take part in such marauding enterprises; he assented to it all and expressed great regret that he had been decoyed into it.

The Raritan, Captain McKean, has sailed lately for Peru. No ship of war is now here, that is no American. The British Admiral's ship Portland and steamer Vorago are here. Among the passed midshipmen of this latter vessel there is a good young man who attends our prayer meetings.

In the American Hospital, there are about fifteen men. Nearly all of them are recovering and some ready

to go out soon. I have distributed papers, tracts and books among them to-day. They were all received politely and in some cases gratefully. It occurred to me that it might be gratifying to their friends to know something about them, and so I asked them, to give me their names. This they did and they are as follows:— Charles Morse, Thetford, N. H.; Joseph H. Loose, Holmes Hole; Bird D. Stevenson, Virginia; Samuel Johnson, Columbia Co., N. Y.; Andrew J. Newt, Dover, N. H.; Nels Rasmusson, Swede, this man seems quite low, he showed me a Testament which I had before given him, which he had almost read through; John Brown, a Russian, has sailed out from Boston, many years, he had a German and English which had been given to him by Mr. Sullivan, in Boston, which he prized evidently; Cyrus P. Clark, of Worcester, Mass.; John Johnson, an old colored man, a steward and William Taylor, colored, both of N. York city; and John Joseph, from New Orleans, a colored seaman.

In this city to-day four soldiers have been shot. They were natives. It was an execution in consequence of mutiny on the 1st of October.

The work has been commenced on the rail-road from this city to Santiago, the capital. Mr. Allan Campbell of Albany, is the engineer appointed to the great work. It is to be 110 miles long, to occupy five years in the construction, and to cost seven millions dollars. It will be a grand work for this nation if it is ever carried through. For the present farewell.

Yours truly,

D. TRUMBULL.

VALPARAISO, Oct. 14, 1852.

### Libraries for Seamen.

[Correspondence of the Sailor's Magazine.]

BUCKSPORT, Me., Oct. 12, 1852.

DEAR BRO.,—I write you from one of the most romantic and beautiful towns on the Penobscot. Its location more than 100 feet above tide water; at the angle of the river opposite Fort Knox, gives it one of the finest views



on this beautiful river. It has an enterprising population of about 3,600 souls, principally engaged in commerce and the fishing trade. But while they are to be commended for their enterprize, they deserve more for a proper appreciation and a cheerful support of a good minister—for maintaining the seamen's concert—for having supplied more than 100 libraries for vessels, and for the high moral qualities which they demand in their captains and officers, and labor to promote in the crews that sail from their wharves.

I am assured by one who lives here and is competent to testify, that the libraries put on board of vessels here, have produced great and desirable results; that young men of vicious and profligate lives have been made moral and useful citizens; that those who were profane have been reclaimed from so ungentlemanly, disgusting and wicked a habit; that the intemperate have become sober, and some who were living without hope and without God, have been brought to Christ; that results so desirable have been secured through the influence (to no inconsiderable extent) of the libraries on board. And in many instances such results were traceable directly to the use of the books.

This "down east" is getting to be quite a place, and it has an enterprising and noble population. They are (and well they may be) interested in sailors. Let every congregation in the state do of its own accord what it can for seamen. Let each do as well in proportion to its ability as many in the state have already done, and influences will be set in operation that will not cease to redeem and save to the end of time and that will not cease to bless in eternity.

W. B.

### My Mother.

"What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth, for one day, to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain!"

### Account of Monies.

From Nov. 15th to Dec. 15th, 1852.

#### *Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.*

Judge P. A. Johnson, Morristown, N. J. 50 00

Rev. William W. Woodworth, by First Cong'l Soc'y, Waterbury, Ct. 50 00

#### *Members for Life, by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.*

Rev. G. T. Todd, by Smithfield, Pres. Church, City Dutch, Co., N. Y. (erroneously ack. last month.)

Henry M. Colton, by Young Ladies Seam. Frd. Soc'y South Woodstock, Ct. (in part.) 12 00

Rev. Elbridge G. Carpenter, by Congl. Ch. and Soc'y., Newcastle, Me. 20 00

Rev. John P. Skeele, by Ladies Seam. Friend Soc'y., Hollowell, Me. 20 00

Rev. George B. Little, by First Church, Bangor, Me. 25 00

Robert L. Cook, by Young Ladies Miss'y Soc'y, Bloomfield Sem'y, N. J. 20 00

Mrs. Wm. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Ct. by her husband, (amt ack. below.)

William P. Green, Jr., Norwich, by his Father. 20 00

Rev. William F. Morgan, Norwich, by Gen. and Mrs. H. Williams, (amt ack. below.)

Oliver Woodworth, by Fourth Cong'l Soc'y, Greenville, Ct. 24 30

Rev Joseph A. Goodhue, by First Bapt. Church, Norwich, Ct. 21 16

Robert Lenox Belknap, N. Y. by his Grandmother, Mrs. Aaron Belknap. 20 00

Rev. Israel S. Corbit, by Meth. Trinity Church, Jersey City, (in part.) 10 00

Rev. S. S. Ashley, Northboro, Mss. by a Christian Lady. 20 00

J. F. Worth, New York. 20 00

Rev. G. S. Corwin, Elba, N. Y. 20 00

Mrs. Sarah U. Woodworth, by First Cong'l Soc'y, Waterbury, Ct. 22 28



*Donations.*

From Mrs. R. Baird, Harpersville, N. Y.	1 00
" Messrs. Rob. Carter & Brothers, N. Y.	20 00
" Gentlemen of First Parish, Amherst, Mss.	25 25
" Ladies do	23 16
" Balance from Danbury Ct.	50
" E. G. Swift, Chester, Ct.	5 00
" First Congl. Soc'y., Norwich, Ct.	33 24
" Fifth Congl. Soc'y. do do.	63 00
" Members of Second Congl. Soc'y do.	143 00
" Ladies of do do do.	95 45
" Thomas W. Williams, New London.	30 00
" Mrs. Marvin, do do.	10 00
" Friend, do do.	5 00
" Congl. Soc'y., Dunbarton, N. H.	16 00
" Congl. Soc'y., New-Haven, Vt.	4 00
" First Congl. Soc'y., Fairfield, Ct.	24 00
" Union Meeting, Shelburn, Vt., (value.)	6 00
" Female Ben. Soc'y., Burlington, Vt.	7 00
" Members of Pres. Church, Caldwell, N. J.	10 00
" Members in Meth. Epis. Ch. Vernon, do.	3 33
" William Butler, Rocky Hill, Ct.	75
" Second Congl. Soc'y., Waterbury, Ct.	33 00
" Congl. Soc'y., Torrington, Ct.	5 00

*Sailor's Home New York.*

A Lady in Hartford, Ct.	2 00
Young Ladies Seam. Friend Soc'y., Harpersfield, N. Y., 1 quilt.	
Young Ladies Miss'y Soc'y., Bloomfield Sem'y., N. J., 7 quilts.	
Ladies of South Soc'y., Lebanon, Ct., 6 pillow cases, 1 pr. socks, 8 shirts.	
Female Fndsin Harpers-rie	

field, N. Y., 7 pr. pillow cases, 7 sheets, 1 comfortable, 5 pr. socks, 6 shirts, 2 towels.

*Legacies.*

Abigail Willard, late of Stockbridge, Mss., (through B. C. Wells, Exr.)	50 00
Miss Eliza Skaats, late of this city (through G.N. Bleecker, Exr.)	500 00
Balance of Legacy of the late Saml. R. Hotchkiss, of New Haven, Ct.	10 50
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	\$1,500 92

*Moneys received by T. D. Quincy, Treasurer of Boston Seamen's Friend Society.*

From Cong'l Soc'y, South Reading, Mass., to constitute Ezekiel Oliver and Benjamin L. Boardman, L. M.	41 35
" Josiah Norcross, M. D. South Reading, Mss. L. M.	20 00
" Cong'l. Ch. and Soc'y. Sherburne, Mss.	19 25
" Cong'l. Ch. and Soc'y. Brighton, Mss.	38 65
" Cong'l Ch. Dunstable Mss.	9 25
" Appleton Street, Ch. Lowell, Mss.	5 75
" Sam'l Stanton, Boston, Mss. L. M.	20 00
" Gen Ben. Soc'y., 3rd. Church, Hadley, Mss.	30 01
" Congl. Church, Newton Centre, Mss.	20 00
" Deacon, Curtis Lawrence, Treas. of Midsex N. Association.	12 27
" Congl. Church and Soc'y., Holliston.	43 00
" Old South Church, Boston, balance	4 00
" Mount Vernon Church, Boston, Mss.	192 00
" Saml. Johnson, Boston, Mss.	100 00
" A Friend, do do.	5 00
" Capt. H A. Hopner, Lynn, Mss.	9 00